Träffas

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Träffas

by TigerPrawn

Summary

After early release from prison, Roberto starts his new life by travelling around Europe. When he gets to Sweden he runs into another ex-con who ran from his past. And meeting Tonny might be exactly what he needs to come to terms with his sexuality.

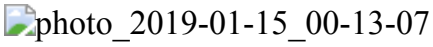
(NB: Träffas is apparently Swedish for “hook up” or thereabouts)
My third prompt fill from my fic giveaway.

Notes

NOTE: This is set after Roberto is released from prison and I don’t really address his past crimes in any significant way. In fact, they are ignored to a point. This might be a cop out but this is the first time I’ve written canon Roberto and I’m not 100% comfortable with it, or rather I’m not at all comfortable in going into his background and addressing his crimes and whether or not he has changed. I hate to think I’ve done a disservice to brutalised and murdered female characters by not addressing this, but it’s just something I can’t do, and I can’t see myself writing canon Berto again. I’ve tried instead to focus on the idea of what it would be like for someone struggling to come to terms with their homosexuality when in the situations he might have found himself in, and what a difference someone like Tonny might make in his life.

If anyone is unsure of the tags, please feel free to drop me a line on twitter.

See the end of the work for more notes



Roberto Bellini couldn’t blame his family for shipping him off the moment he got released from prison.

He got out a few years early for good behaviour - which basically meant he’d learned how to work the system, and had anticipated a job at the family cafe at the least. Something to help him back onto his feet, not that he had any delusions of any good career prospects ahead of him. And whilst everyone had been nice to him, said how good it was to have him home, it was clear he wasn’t welcome.

Not that he could really blame them for that either. It wasn’t even really a surprise when his dad produced a ticket to Italy to stay with some distant family there. A new start, a fresh start. Away from his past hanging over his head.

Roberto had decided to take it as an opportunity. University hadn’t happened for him, but all things considered, he’d taken enough classes in prison to claim a fair education. And he’d been working with his dad from a young age at the cafe. Between that and the work he’d done inside, he had enough skill and experience to work his way around Europe. And for all concerned, that seemed like the best option.

He’d travel and then maybe he’d end up back in Italy, or he’d come home, but either way he wasn’t going to waste the fresh air after all these years locked up.

That was how Roberto had ended up working at a bar in Rome; as a fruit picker across Spain and France; spending October in drinking across Germany; keeping warm in brothels in Amsterdam; before starting the New Year in Sweden.

The air was crisp and clear. It felt like a reminder he was free.

He settled in well, enjoyed the Stockholm nightlife too. He’d checked out plenty of places, looked up others. The ones he didn’t have nerve to go into. Even if it was just to prove something he already knew.

When Roberto had been in Amsterdam, he lost count of how many times he’d come. Most of the extra money he’d saved from working, he’d ended up spending with sex workers. Which would have been fine if Stockholm hadn’t turned out to be so expensive.

He either needed a job if he wanted to stay, or else needed to make this a short stop on his way to a new location, maybe find some more bar work before the picking season started up again.

Truth was, regardless of what skills he did or didn’t possess, getting jobs was easy. He had ample skill when it came to manipulation, in fact he could likely put it to more lucrative use if he cared to. He could charm and manipulate his way into any job he wanted, though he preferred to stick with the ones where he was just another faceless worker. No past, no future.

It suited him, but even so he was feeling a bit lost. Unsure what he was supposed to do now he was free, beyond this travelling, which couldn't last forever. Manipulation and cunning had become a way of life on the inside, the main way he'd stayed alive given that he wasn't the strongest or most threatening of men.

Berto's mind drifted briefly to why he had spent so much money in Amsterdam. And why he had left. Sure he'd come plenty when he had some pretty girl riding him, as long as he closed his eyes and pictured someone else, as sick as it made him feel. He left when the girl he'd fucked a few nights in a row put her finger in his ass, like she fucking knew what was up.

Berto shuddered. He shouldn't like it.

He should hate that shit. He wasn't… Isn't...

Damon Morton was just an exception, he'd seduced Berto. And yeah Berto had liked it, but only because it was Damon, right? And then the guys in prison, that was different, that was survival. Most of the time he fucking hated it, their disgusting breath against his face as they rut into him. But there were the times he liked it. When it was Mark or Johnny, because he liked them and they treated him nice, and they looked… they were…

Berto balled his fists as he stood outside the garrish gay bar he'd been walking passed the last few nights. He just had to do it, walk in and feel disgusted, feel repulsed and know for sure he wasn't…

He let out a shaky breath just as a guy was walking past him, on his way to the door. He was a fraction taller than Berto, buzzcut cropped close enough to see there was a tattoo across the back of his skull but not short enough to read it. He seemed bulky but Berto wondered how much of that was the jacket. His cologne was…

Another shaky breath, louder this time. It must have been because the man turned and looked at him. His features were angular, sharp and beautiful in their own way. He could admit to an appreciation of aesthetics, that wasn't...

He looked rough, like he might punch Berto, but then something in his face softened, as if he'd been expecting a fight but then had seen Berto's expression. Roberto wondered if he looked to the man like a lost little lamb. It was a look he used a lot, it got him far with some types of people, and didn't hurt that he was baby faced enough to pull it off. But this time, he had to admit it hadn't been wholly intentional, and was perhaps just a little genuine.

The man looked away then, took the last few steps to the door and opened it. The music and chatter blasted out into the street, startling Berto a little as he found himself uncharacteristically off-kilter. He was waiting for the door to close, but then realised that the man had stopped. He hadn't looked back, but was clearly waiting - holding the door open for Berto.

Roberto balled his fists again and stepped forward.

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The music is the kind that needs to be played loud, and that is exactly what's happening. The lights are low and whilst this is a bar rather than a nightclub, there is a small dance floor at the distant end and some lights there are pumping in time with the erratic beat of the music.

Berto hadn't been anywhere like this in years. Not since sneaking underage into clubs with his big brother, getting wasted on cheap booze and dancing to the crazy beat until he'd throw up on himself outside and get refused by taxis. That seemed like a lifetime ago now ,which it was really, and that person seemed alien to him now. Had he ever been that young?

It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the lighting and in that moment he lost the reassuring bulk of the man he'd followed in. It felt like all eyes were on him, which he knew they weren't, but a small number of people did look over to appraise him. He felt a snarl form on his lips as more than one looked him up and down very clearly. One licking his lips.

Roberto shuddered, but he wasn't repulsed. Maybe scared? Out of his depth, and nervous about it, but the thought of these men looking over him like a piece of meat wasn't as off putting as he assumed it would be. It wasn't like prison, these people had an actual interest, an attraction rather than just wanting a hole to come in. The thought made him shudder and Berto looked desperately around for the strange comfort he'd assigned to the stranger.

He scanned the room as his eyes adjusted and saw him at the bar, removing the bulky jacket to reveal a muscular and athletic silhouette. Under the jacket he wore only a tank top that stretched across him and barely hid dark shapes that Berto knew were tattoos, thought he couldn't make out the details.

The man was greeted at the bar with a friendly slap on the back from a customer and a happy nod from the barman before he was served his drink and then he sat there at the bar. Silent it seemed, supping and brooding.

Berto hesitated for a second but then continued towards the bar, realising that he was likely to start drawing attention as he stood aimlessly at the entrance to the place. So he walked determinedly and took the stool next to the man.

When he did so he received a glance and a small smile, not quite a smirk, as though the man didn't have the sort of cruelty in him that allowed for one.

"Ta en drink," Berto recognised the man's words, soft as they were despite the loud music, as being Swedish, but he had no idea what was being said. So far he'd gotten by with his fluent English and Italian.

"English?" He asked tentatively, a moment before the song changed and a roar of approval went through the bar, a few more people getting up and moving to dance floor at the clearly popular song.

"You have never been here before," The man had to lean in to be heard and Berto nodded before he continued, "I mean, never to a gay bar before?"

Roberto clenched his jaw and shook his head again, and the man gave a gentle smile, "I will look after you, make sure no um.. vultures get you. Um… chicken hawks."

Listening to the man struggle in his broken English to find the term he was looking for made Berto smile. A genuine one, not something sly or mean, or used for manipulation.

It felt somewhat alien on his face.

The man looked him over for a moment, nothing sexual in it, as he narrowed his eyes a little.

“But you’re not as young as you look, right?” It seemed equal parts observation and concern.

Roberto’s lips twitched into a smile, “No, I’m just blessed with youthfulness,” he found the words coming out as a light tease as he leaned a little towards the man to be heard. A habit, to entice. He would always remain safe in prison if he flirted just the right way, looked demure enough, manipulated just enough to be fucked rather than beaten.

For a moment he even enjoyed the closeness and the sweet smile the man gave him, as though he didn’t fully understand English or didn’t quite hear over the noise. Berto found his skin prickling and his own smile growing for a moment as he took in the strong shoulders and arms covered in tattoos, the crooked teeth in a strangely perfect face.

Berto’s smile dropped as soon as he realised what he was doing.

Wasn’t this just like prison? Making himself appealing to the right people? No, it wasn’t… this wasn’t an automatic, this was genuine interest. The thought of being held in those strong arms and protected in a way that was so different from the protection he was afforded in prison made him ache. This was his own want, not a necessity, and that made his smile fall harder.

He didn’t want this, didn’t want to feel this way and be…

A large hand came down over his own, “Are you okay?” The English was rough, as rough as the man’s voice. Concern was clear from the man’s expression. It made Roberto pull his hand sharply away.

“Don’t touch me,” He spat angrily and the man withdrew, holding his hands up in placation.

Roberto had expected retaliation. A backhanded slap perhaps, or at the least some verbal abuse, but the man continued to look concerned.

“I didn’t want to upset you,” He continued to look at Roberto for a long minute before turning back to his pint.

The barman was in front of him then and Berto ordered, sitting and staring at his own pint as he wondered what the fuck to do next. He wanted… He wanted so badly to be touched. He wanted so badly to not want this.

Berto was startled when a man appeared at his left side, standing too close and leaning in close to be heard over the music.

“American?”

Berto shook his head, his whole body tensing.

“English?”

He hesitated before nodding.

“Ah, you look like it. English rose,” The man chuckled and stroked a finger lightly over Berto’s cheek. He recoiled away from the touch, towards the other man, who he then saw out of the corner of his eye had turned to observe what was happening.

He snapped something harshly in Swedish but the new man laughed, a deep chuckle before placing a hand on Berto’s knee.

“Why not come dance with me? I promise you a good time. You won’t get far with this one. He can barely speak Swedish, let alone English. He’s an idiot.” He sneered the words and then knocked on his own head, “Stupid, you know? Not all there.”

Berto felt a strange flare of anger, almost wanting to defend the first person who had shown him concern in quite some time, not that he deserved it. But he remained still and there were more words across him - the two men now raising their voices in Swedish.

The new man was laughing now and the other man was on his feet, moving behind where Berto sat until the two men were toe to toe. More words, threats, that was clear.

Berto was reminded of so many times in prison, the posturing, and the times it turned to violence. He tried to avoid it where he could, and when he couldn’t they were always sure not to touch his face - too pretty to fuck up, the inmates all seemed to agree. Wouldn’t be quite as good a blow job if his face was fucked up.

Berto got to his feet to leave, having to push passed the men but the older one grabbed his arm.

“Don’t go sweet thing, let me dance with you,” Still humour in the man’s voice like this was all a game, and Roberto did feel revulsion then. He trembled as he remembered the many times other men had restrained him, had taken whatever payment they felt their due. Tears that he hadn’t allowed himself to shed since the moment he’d been incarcerated started to sting the corner of his eyes.

Another threat in Swedish then suddenly the hand was gone.

Berto looked back to see his concerned friend had the older man by the throat and was snarling words close to his face.

“Tonny!” The barman shouted and the man turned to look before releasing his grip and letting the older man go. He dropped away, stumbling backwards grasping his throat and gasping for air. Tonny held up his hands, the same gesture he’d given to Roberto though it seemed less genuine now.

The barman rolled his eyes and shook his head before gesturing to the door with yet more words beyond Berto’s understanding. Tonny was nodding and trying not to smirk.

He turned to Berto, leaning in to mutter against his ear, “I have to go now, please take care.”

Something about the bulk of the man had Berto wanting to cling to him, but instead he stood rigid and watched as he started towards the door. He looked between the still recovering would-be-suitor, the barman going back to his business, and Tonny’s ever receeding back before calling out -

“Wait!” He jogged after his protector, catching up with him as they both exited the bar onto the chilly street.

Tonny turned and looked at him, the noise of the bar dying as the door shut behind them.

“Are you-”

“Can I come with you?” Berto blurted without even thinking, not wanting to be parted yet from this man who made him feel safe.

Tonny stopped and frowned at him, and Berto wondered if he hadn’t understood. The hesitation was a moment too long and Roberto began backing away, mumbling coldly under his breath, “Sorry, never mind.”

A tentative hand clasped his shoulder, and he was turned back to the continuing frown.

“You mean… to my home?”

“It’s okay, I can just go-” Roberto started, wondering why the fuck he was still talking to this idiot. He should just walk away.

“No… I…” Tonny gave him a somewhat goofy smile, “you’re very pretty. I didn’t think you’d like to… with me...”

“Oh…” Roberto turned away, looking down the street they stood in. Not far from where he was staying, he should go. He suddenly felt self conscious and unsure, which was alien to him after years of using his looks. But this was different and it was too much.

“I… keep upsetting you,” Tonny observed. Roberto looked back at him then and saw his concern once more. It hurt to see it, to see someone give a shit.

“No, it’s not you. I… I’m fucked up. I was in prison and I’m… adjusting,” Berto confessed softly, looking away again.

“I understand, I was in prison too. It takes a while. It’s hard,” Tonny replied and they were both silent for a moment, Berto not wanting to look up and see the softness he was sure he would find in Tonny’s eyes.

He’d done some fucked up shit in his time, and truthfully he was sure he was pretty much a sociopath, but he wasn’t used to running a tumult of emotions like this.

He wanted to go home with Tonny, wanted this complete stranger to hold him and make him feel good. The good he didn’t want to admit only a man could make him feel.

Before either of them could say anything else to derail it, Berto blurted, “I want to come home with you.”

Tonny grinned and yet somehow managed to look sort of bashful. Berto couldn’t help the smile in response, his eyes focusing in on Tonny’s sharp teeth and curved lips.

He clenched his jaw and squeezed his eyes shut, maybe he was…

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They had walked in a strange silence. Not an awkward one, but one pregnant with a electrified anticipation.

Tonny wasn’t bad looking, in fact Berto thought he had a beauty to him. But his mannerisms, the way he carried himself was almost doltish and whilst it had been clear at the bar he was well liked by some, it definitely counted against him.

Roberto couldn’t help but think in the back of his mind, how easy the man would be to bend and manipulate. Maybe that added to his feeling of safety and comfort with him? He wasn’t sure.

Tonny’s flat was only a couple of streets from the bar and it was when Tonny let them in that Berto got a proper look at the man in the better light.

He was striking and Berto felt that in his gut - a pull, an attraction. He swallowed.

It was easier to see that Tonny definitely had a tattoo across the back of his skull, dark letters obscured by very short hair. But there was also a scar Berto hadn’t noticed before - running along the side of his skull, no hair grew there. Maybe that accounted for how Tonny was? Berto had no intention of prying.

He wasn’t sure what he really did intend or expect. He had never been in this position, never gone home with anyone like this. And he still wasn’t sure why he had, other than because he hadn’t been ready to say goodbye to the man or be on his own.

It seemed like Tonny didn’t have a clue either as they lingered awkwardly just inside the door before he wandered off to the kitchen. Berto wasn’t sure whether he was supposed to follow but he did, watching Tonny shrug out of his jacket again as he went. His wide and muscular back flexing as he did so. He could see more of the tattoo now - something across the breadth of Tonny’s back that was came out the sides of his vest.

Berto wanted to reach out and touch it but he resisted.

“Water?” Tonny asked as he grabbed a glass from the kitchen draining board and started to fill it from the tap.

“Sure,” Berto nodded, even as Tonny handed him the glass and poured another for himself.

“I… I’m Roberto… Berto,” He found himself muttering, realising that this man had no idea of his name. And thankfully nothing about him.

“Tonny,” Tonny grinned. Roberto smiled, even though in his mind he snapped back that he already knew, had already picked up on it because he wasn’t an idiot. Berto pushed down the thought, knowing the asshole reaction was his own insecurities over this situation.

Tonny moved into the lounge and took a seat on the large sofa, clearly expecting Berto to follow, which he did.

The room was garishly white and reminded him of being in a cell. He was grateful when Tonny placed down his water and turned on a dim and yellowing side lamp before getting up and turning the main light off. It made the room warm and less stark. When Tonny returned he sat closer to Berto and was so awkward about it that Berto wanted to laugh.

“You don’t bring many people home,” Roberto stated, realising the cold and cruel edge to his tone. Tonny looked at him sharply, frowning at the sharpness of the words.

He answered nonetheless, “I don’t like to. I will fuck in the bathroom, I don’t like strangers here.”

Berto frowned, softening. Or trying to, knowing he was being a shit as a gut reaction.

“I’m here.”

Tonny’s mouth curved into a goofy grin, “Yeah, but you… I could take you in a fight,” he chuckled, but then his expression grew a little more serious, “And you… you seemed like you needed rescuing a bit.”

Berto was surprised that Tonny hadn’t said he seemed like a sure thing, an easy lay - someone begging a total stranger to come home with them. Because he’d fucking done that - he cursed inwardly, hating himself a little.

“Have… have you been with men before?” Tonny asked, his cheeks colouring so slightly and Berto wondered if that was at the question or the potential answer.

Berto nodded slowly and Tonny frowned.

“You don’t look like… you nod but your face says you didn’t enjoy it? Or…” he shook his head like he couldn’t quite read Berto, which was of course the case. Few could, and Berto had learned from Morton that it was dangerous for him when someone could.

“I… I’m not gay. Maybe I…” Berto shook his head. “I’ve been with lots of men and I need to… I just wanted to know if that was just… Just prison,” He looked at Tonny with doleful eyes.

Tonny’s frown gave way to concern and understanding. He nodded and scratched for a moment at his buzzed hair, along his scar.

“The first time I was with a man I was in prison too,” Tonny admitted, “I think I had always known, but in prison it was clear to me and… the, um, opportunity was there.”

Berto's jaw flexed and he found the next words tumbling out, perhaps having found someone who might remotely understand. "People in my family aren't gay, it's not… not done."

Tonny chuckled, "Yes, I understand. If my dad had known he'd have beaten me to death… wouldn't have even left it to one of his thugs. Because he would have seen it as dishonouring him and…" Tonny trailed off and shook his head, "But that was Denmark, this is Sweden and a new life."

Tonny smiled and Berto wanted to return it but more words fell out despite himself. Things he could never tell anyone, except perhaps this stranger, right here, right now.

"I… didn't want to like it. I mean, most of the time I hated it, but there were times… and I'm gay… Am I gay? I didn't want to be, don't want... Because I didn't want it to mean that all those times I hated it I secretly loved it, because I didn't. I just did what I had to do."

"Shhh," Tonny hushed him when his words started to break, "I understand. I didn't want to be this way either. I… my dad was an important man, no one touched me in prison, not like that. But… we showered together and I would get hard. I knew, and… sometimes we'd suck each other off and say we were pretending each other was women. When I was released I tried to fuck a couple of women and… I had done it before, before prison I'd been with many women and never realised I wasn't enjoying it as I should. But after, I knew…" he trailed off, a chuckle breaking in his chest and rumbling through him. "My dick knew what was up. It wasn't interested now it knew what it was really after, I couldn't even get it up. Sleeping with those women because that was what I was supposed to be doing, didn't mean I enjoyed it. Didn't mean I was straight." Tonny shrugged.

Berto couldn't help smiling at that, his throat felt raw and his eyes stang, the levity was welcome and the advice too. Tonny was right, wasn't he?

"And being gay doesn't mean you liked what you did," Tonny continued. "And it doesn't mean there is anything wrong with you. You did what you had to. That's prison, sometimes that's life. That isn't your life now."

Tonny reached up a gentle hand and stroked the side of Berto's face. Berto surprised himself when he didn't flinch or recoil, seeing instead the desire to comfort in Tonny's eyes, not the intent to take advantage.

"You came to the club to have sex? To know?"

Berto shook his head, "Just to know I guess… I wasn't thinking about… I didn't consider… I thought I'd walk in and be instantly repulsed. But I wasn't, and you were so nice to me, and then that guy…"

Tonny huffed, "He's a prick. Not the first time I've been kicked out for the night over him or one like him."

Berto found himself smiling at that and leaning into the warm hand that had now turned to cup his cheek.

“Do you want to?” Tonny asked, his expression and tone making it so thoroughly clear that there was no pressure in his question. “As you wanted to come home, I thought maybe… But after what you’ve said… Why did you come here? Not for sex?”

Tonny looked sweet as he clearly tried to puzzle it out.

“Why were you in prison?” Berto asked, avoiding the questions he had absolutely no answer to.

A flicker of something, uncertainty perhaps, crossed Tonny’s face and he dropped his hand back into his lap, leaving Berto feeling a little bereft at the loss of the touch.

“Drugs. I was dealing them for quite some time. I… got out of it in the end. My dad was a criminal, and I… I didn’t want that for my son. My dad, he… I didn’t want to be like him. I didn’t want Tor to grow up like that.”

Tonny looked meek, and awaiting judgement, like he was used to it all too much. And there was guilt there too - over his father or his child or both.

“You have a kid huh?” Roberto’s mind ticked on that for a moment. Children were great ways to get to people, parents were easy to manipulate and threaten if they thought their kids were in danger. It made sense Tonny had moved a whole country away to start a new life for them.

“Yeah, his mom… she isn’t. She’s no good, she doesn’t want him. I took him, we came here. But a few days a month he goes and stays with her parents - his grandparents. They love him, and they live just across the border. It gives me chance for a break and to go out,” Tonny smiled, “not that I would change how things are.”

“Shit,” Berto felt a pang of guilt, something that caught him off guard for the few times he’d ever truly felt remorse, but Tonny brought it out in him. “You’re here wasting your time with me when you could be enjoying your weekend off,”

Tonny smiled and shook his head, “I was just going to get drunk and maybe get my dick sucked in the bathroom. I can do that tomor-”

“I could…” Berto interrupted and then trailed off.

Tonny’s cheeks burned.

“No… I didn’t mean… You don’t need to do that. I’m happy just to talk.”

His smile was just so damn nice and Roberto hated him a little in that moment. Wanted to scream and shout at him to use him, fuck his mouth and show him what it was to be gay. Maybe hold him down and fuck into him like so many had before. Maybe Tonny didn’t want to put his dick where so many had been before? He found himself sneering.

Tonny’s smile fell and he frowned, looking a little upset.

“I didn’t mean to… You’re beautiful, and you seem smart and nice… But I don’t want, if you’re not sure…”

“Why do you have to be so nice?!” Roberto sneered the words before getting up from the sofa and starting to pace like an animal. He hated being this way. Hated wanting this. He wasn’t… How could he be if he hated it so much?

“Don’t you want to fuck me Tonny? You’re bigger than I am, you could hold me down and shove your cock inside me. My ass, my mouth… Whatever. Both?” The words were coming out in an angry growl.

Tonny was on his feet then, and his arms were around Berto, pulling him tight to his chest and hushing him before Berto even realised he was sobbing uncontrollably.

“Don’t hate yourself for this,” Tonny spoke soothingly, “we all have regrets and guilt. Don’t let this be one of those things.”

Berto continued to sob against Tonny even as he felt the man scoop him up. Then they were in the bedroom and Tonny was putting him gently down, curling around him, holding him close as Berto let it all out.

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Berto woke, everything ached and his eyes and throat were sore. It took him a moment to orient himself in the darkness of the room. It wasn’t his hostel room, and there was a warm weight next to him.

It took a moment for his eyes to adjust and to the blade of light coming through the crack in the door from the hallway.

Tonny.

Berto started to slowly, quietly, get up from the bed, not wanting to wake Tonny, but feeling awkward about being there.

“Berto?” Tonny’s voice was sleep heavy. Berto froze, he didn’t want this to get weird, but was not entirely sure what weird would look like at this point.

“I was just… Should I go?”

“If you want, but you don’t have to,” Tonny said gently, reaching a hand across and settling it on Berto’s thigh. Berto let out a shuddering breath.

“I’m going to use the bathroom,” He managed before getting up from the bed, slipping from Tonny’s grasp.

Berto took his time in the bathroom, freshening up and looking in the mirror - studying the man he saw in the reflection. Trying to work out what the fuck he wanted.

He still wasn't any clearer when he returned to the bedroom to find Tonny had turned on a dim side lamp and sat in the bed looking thoughtful.

"Oh, um… I thought you might just leave," He started, nervous, "Sorry if I made you uncomfortable earlier. I just wanted… to uh… let you know I was… interested if that is something you were also… interested in."

Berto wasn't sure why this lug of a man was undoing him with such little effort, but he wasn't sure he cared. It felt like this was something he needed, the comfort and friendship, and everything else Tonny was offering. The safe exploration of who he was.

"No, I… It's cool. I'm… Interested, I just don't know if I can…" Berto felt vulnerable as he laid himself bare. He wanted to take this opportunity for exploration, but everything was still so raw inside him. He was finding limitations he had never considered putting in place before, saying no to things he'd not really had the option to before.

"Oh… Oh!" Tonny seemed to clicked with what Berto was getting at, "We don't have to… like we don't need to do anything you aren't okay with. And, um… you can fuck me if you prefer? I don't mind, if you'd be more comfortable-" Tonny offered so casually, like he was talking about where to order takeout rather than his ass. "Or we don't need to do anything like that…"

It both shook and comforted Berto, and maybe that was what he needed. It took him a long moment to realise he hadn't answered - his brain taking to him some vivid imagery, both good and bad. He had never topped before, it was something he'd tried not to ever think about - it wasn't an option. But he had considered it, thought about it, woken from dreams about it with come in his pants.

And now it was and his palms were sweaty and his cock started to fill.

"Is… is that okay? I've never… but I don't think I can… um… I'm not ready yet but I'd like to… to fuck you, I mean," Berto had no idea if he was even making sense any more. Would Tonny be able to tell he had never topped, that he was just a piece of ass after all?

He was shaking at the thought, his dick filling out and aching.

"I'd love you to fuck me, baby," Tonny rumbled the words as he moved closer, muttering them against Roberto's lips before he leaned in and kissed him.

Berto moaned.

*

They kissed for a while before Tonny started touching him, Berto too unsure what to do to even attempt to make the first move. He didn't normally touch the guys he was with, not intimately. He sucked them off sometimes, they basically used whatever hole they wanted and that was the limit of contact for the vast majority. With a couple of exceptions that had included kissing, and maybe them stroking him off whilst they pounded his ass, but that was it.

Other than to jerk them off a little as he guided someone's dick into him, he wasn't sure he'd ever really touched anyone intimately, and he wasn't sure he wanted to. It was intimidating. He wondered if women felt like this about, what he felt, was a pretty aggressive appendage.

Tonny might have started to change his mind, as he palmed against Berto's cock before pulling it out of his jeans. He stroked him softly, not jerking him off, just carrasseing him and it made Berto's toes curl, breath hitch and hips twitch.

Tonny spent what felt like hours just touching him, slowly undressing him as he went, and pressing wet kisses to his throat and chest as he did so. The whole time Tonny was muttering about how he'd never been tender like this with women, it hadn't occurred to him that sex could be like that until he started to fuck around with men. With people he wanted to explore and savour, like he'd wanted to do then with Berto.

Roberto wondered if he'd keep talking the whole way through. Babbling like a fucking moron, it spiked something within him. A disdain that he realised was misplaced the moment Tonny took his cock into his mouth and sucked gently.

Berto had cried out at the practically alien sensation and all he could think was whether it would be even better to be inside Tonny's ass.

It didn't take much longer to find out as Tonny crawled back up him and invited Berto to use him however he wanted. He wanted Berto to enjoy this and to be in charge, to be comfortable.

And Berto wanted that so much.

Yes, there was part of Roberto that saw a massive weakness in Tonny for this, something to be manipulated and exploited - which would be like shooting fish in a barrel really.

But he couldn't. This was what he needed. Berto wasn't sure when he'd ever needed anything as much as this. Ever needed anyone as much as he needed this practical stranger to help him through his sexuality crisis one way or the other.

And now - after Tonny had guided him through helping him relax, lubing up and feeling for his prostate, just to give him some idea of how to hit that pleasure point - they were ready.

Berto's heart was hammering, as he pushed deep into Tonny with a cry.

It wasn't like anything he'd experienced before. He held himself over Tonny's back, panting as he rested his forehead against the man's strong frame, willing himself not to come.

It wasn't just that he'd never penetrated anyone before, but that it had never been anything like this when he'd been fucked. Tonny had explained to him the importance of being open and relaxed in order to enjoy being penetrated. He had gotten Berto to help him reach that stage with a whole host of foreplay that wasn't even entirely focused on his ass. It occured to Berto now that he had never been entirely relaxed, or often not even remotely comfortable, when he'd been fucked. Often it hurt as they forced themselves into him despite his body being rigid and constricted.

But now, as he began to slowly pull back and push in, to an accompaniment of Tonny's encouraging moans, he understood. This is what it could be like, what it should be like.

Berto closed his eyes and ran his hands over the muscular plains of Tonny's back as he continued to move slowly, savouring every sensation it allowed.

"So good," Tonny muttered, "That feels really good…"

"Mmm," Was all Berto could offer in agreement. He opened his eyes and looked down at Tonny's back, at the beautiful and intricate tattoo that covered a large part of it. As he lost himself to the movement of his body, he lost himself to the tattoo as well. Studying each curve around a muscle, each line. Spotting the bits that didn't fit - older tattoos beneath that he couldn't quite make out, but had been covered by this newer, sensational work of art.

That was Denmark, this is Sweden, he heard Tonny's words in his mind.

A new life. A free life.

Berto bit his lower lip, tasting a little blood, not realising how hard he was biting until then. Nor how hard and fast his hips were moving, until TonnY grunted at the increasing speed.

Tonny fell forward onto his elbows and let out a few sharp moans, making it clear that This position worked well for him. Berto swallowed, taking tight hold of Tonny's shoulders before he started to snap his hips hard and fast.

"Yes… so good… this is good too…" Tonny's words were a little muffled by his head dropping to his arms. His encouragement wasn't unwelcome as Berto chased his release.

He *needed* it. Needed to know there was pleasure in this. That it was okay to feel that pleasure. Okay to be…

"Ughhhnn," Berto cried out as he felt his climax starting to build within him.

"There, there…" Tonny was near shouting as Berto leaned heavily into his grip on Tonny's shoulders and pistoned his hips.

"Oh fuck," Tonny grunted. Then he shuffled, almost dislodging them both for a brief second as he rested all his weight on one arm and started to jerk his own cock.

Berto let out low moans on each thrust, deeper and harder each time. So grateful for Tonny's strong frame keeping them upright as he fucked into the man beneath him with abandon.

"Uhaghhhhhhh," Berto's orgasm crested suddenly. His whole body seemed to hum as his balls drew up and he spilled, filling his condom. He was almost on Tonny's back now and he let himself settle the last few centimetres until he was laying against him. He could feel every jerk in all the muscles it was taking Tonny to wank himself off and keep them upright.

It was only a moment later that the wet, pumping sounds ended in a long groan and Tonny slowly worked his cock through his own orgasm.

Tonny's ass clenching around his now over sensitive and still slightly hard cock, had Berto wincing and moving back. He realised how sweaty they both were when he pulled away, a sheen on each of them and some shared where their flesh had met.

Still wincing, Berto held onto the condom as he pulled out of Tonny. He sat back on his haunches, panting as he peeled the latex off and tied the end, his cock messy and smearing come into the hair on his inner thighs.

He didn't hate it.

Didn't feel the need to get clean, and wash the remnants of this act away immediately.

He wondered if it was because it was his own come and not someone else's. Had he ever come when he'd been fucked in prison? He could probably count the few times on one hand.

With a deep exhale and an even deeper inhale, Tonny sat up and turned, grinning at Berto.

"That was very good, are you sure you haven't done that before?"

Berto chuckled, because it so clearly was genuine and not a line, Tonny didn't - or couldn't - do that sort of line. Berto found he quite liked that despite himself.

"I… think I might be gay," It cost Berto something to admit that aloud, and didn't come pain free. But it felt like the start of something that, in time, wouldn't be painful anymore.

Taking it as invitation perhaps, Tonny grinned his sharky toothed grin and leaned in. He placed his hands on Berto's thighs as he kissed him, almost chaste. Berto closed his eyes and savoured it.

When they pulled back, Berto realised Tonny had transferred some of his own come to Berto's thigh too, and he found he didn't care. Tonny was still grinning as he took the condom from Berto's hand and moved away.

He watched as Tonny lumbered off the bed, adjusting his softening dick as it settled between his legs, swaying as he walked. There was such a lack of pretension in the man and Berto had no idea he'd find that endearing.

Berto moved forward and lay back down on the bed, looking up at the ceiling and dozing as he waited.

He was sure very little time had passed when he felt the bed dip, and then a warm, wet cloth was wiping over his soft dick, his thighs. Followed by a light kiss, as though to punctuate the end of the task.

More movement from Tonny before he felt the man settle next to him and pull the covers up over them both.

Tonny wiggled closer to him and then came to a rest half covering Berto, with his face against his neck.

“This okay?” His voice was low and thick and right next to Berto’s ear.

Berto nodded, not trusting words in that moment as he relished the feel of continued intimacy. Of someone staying and laying with him after they’d fucked.

“How long are you staying in Stockholm?” Tonny murmured against his skin.

“I… don’t know,” Berto answered honestly. He stroked a hand over Tonny’s buzzed hair, spiky and sharp. Like his angular features and hard edges - a contrast to the man’s true softness and sweet nature. Such a soft and gentle thug.

Tonny nuzzled at his neck and Berto closed his eyes, savouring the sensation and the intimacy.

“I… don’t have any immediate plans,” Berto continued, as committal as he was going to get. Which maybe Tonny realised, because he huffed a laugh against Berto’s neck that sent a shiver through his body. He could manipulate the man, it would take next to nothing to extract money from Tonny, he was sure. But the thought was gone from his head the moment it arrived. Tonny wasn’t the easy mark Roberto wanted to think he was. It wasn’t easy if that last thing you wanted to do was hurt that person. Tonny had given him so much, he couldn’t repay it in that way.

Roberto sank into Tonny’s arms with a sigh, unsure if he could give up the way this felt. Or Tonny.

End Notes

I don't give full details/descriptions, but I hint at Tonny having had (at least) his back tattoo covered with something different. Hoping that comes across and isn't confusing XD

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